



SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algeron Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug Company of New York, threatening to resign, is in Cairo on a business trip. Fortune Chedoye, a woman to whom he had loaned the funds at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother, Jones takes Mrs. Chedoye and Fortune to a polo game. Fortune returns to Jones the money borrowed by her mother, Mrs. Chedoye appears to be engaged in some business enterprise unknown to the daughter. Fortune interests Jones in the United Romance and Adventure Company, a concern which for a price will arrange any kind of an adventure to be undertaken. Mrs. Chedoye, her brother, Major Callahan, Wallace and Fortune, as the United Romance and Adventure Company, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones. Fortune makes known to Mrs. Chedoye her intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedoye declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Fortune steals Jones' letters and cable dispatches. He writes from New York, in Jones' name, that he is visiting home in New York to some friends. Fortune, keeper of the holy carpet, in on Fortune's trail. Fortune promises Fortune that he will see that Jones does no harm as a result of his purchase of the rug. Fortune tells him Jones has the rug and suggests the abduction of the New York merchant as a means of securing its return.

CHAPTER X—(Continued.)

Stubborn as the lock was, perseverance overcame it. George then, as a slight diversion, spread the ancient Ylthordes over the trunk and stared at it in pleasurable contemplation. What a beauty it was! What exquisite blue, what soft red, what minute patterns! And this treasure was his. He leaned down upon it with his two hands. A color stole into his cheeks. It had its source in an old confusion; school-boys fearing a mate seen walking home from school with a girl. It was all right, he perfectly knew, this waiting business; and yet he hung into the sun-warmed, sun-gilded space an ardent wish, sent it speeding round the world from east to west. Fast as heat, fast as light it traveled, for no sooner had it sprung from his mind than it entered the window of a room across the corridor. Whether the window was open or shut was of no importance whatever. Such wishes penetrated and went through all obstacles. And this one touched Fortune's eyes, her hair, her lips; it caressed her in a thousand happy ways. But, alas! such wishes are without temporal power.

Fortune never knew. She sat in a chair, her fingers locked tensely, her eyes large and set in gaze, her lips compressed, her whole attitude one of impatient despair.

George did not see her at lunch, and

It was time to go up and dress for dinner. Tonight (as if the gods had turned George's future affairs over to the care of Momus) he dressed as if he were going to the opera; swallowtail, white vest, high collar and white-lawn cravat, opera-Fedora, and thin-soled pumps; all the habiliments and demi-habilliments supposed to make the man. When he reached what he thought to be the glass of fashion and the mold of form, he turned for the first time toward his trunk. He did not rub his eyes; it wasn't at all necessary; the thing he saw, or rather did not see, was established beyond a doubt, as plainly definite as two and two are four. The ancient Ylthordes had taken upon itself one of the potentialities of its fabulous prototype, that of invisibility; it was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

Episode.

Fortune had immediately returned from the bazaars. And a kind of torpor blanketed her mind, usually so fertile and active. For a time the process of the evolution of thought was denied her; she tried to think, but there was an appalling lack of continuity, of broken threads. It was like one of those circumferential railways; she traveled, but did not get anywhere. Fortune had told her too much for his own sake, but too little for hers. She sat back in the carriage, inert and listless, and indifferently likened her condition to driftwood in the ebb and flow of beach-waves. The color and commotion of the streets were no longer absorbed; it was as if she were riding through emptiness, through the unreality of a dream. She was oppressed and stifled, too; harp-linger of storms.

Mechanically she dismissed the carriage at the hotel, mechanically she went to her room, and in this semi-conscious mood sat down in a chair, and there George's wish found her, futtily. Oh, there was one thing clear, clear as the sky outside. All was not right; something was wrong; and this wrong upon one side concerned her mother, her uncle and Fortune, and upon the other side, Mr. Jones. Think and think as she might, her endeavors gave her no single illumination. Four blind walls surrounded her. The United Romance and Adventure Company—there could not possibly be such a thing in existence; it was a jest of Fortune's to cover up something far more serious.

She pressed her eyes with a hand. They ached dully, the dull pain of bewilderment, which these days recurred with frequency. A sense of time



What a Beauty It Was.

consequently did not enjoy the hour. Was she ill? Had she gone away? Would she return before he started? He greeted the Major as one greets a long-lost friend; and by gradations George considered clever indeed, brought the conversation down to Fortune. No, the Major did not know where she was. She had gone early to the bazaars. Doubtless she was lunching alone somewhere. She had the trick of losing herself at times. Mrs. Chedoye was visiting friends at Shepherd's. When did Mr. Jones leave for America? What on the morrow? The Major shook his head regretfully. There was no place like Cairo for Christmas.

George called a carriage, drove about the principal streets and shopping districts, and used his eyes diligently; but it was love's labor lost. Not even when he returned at tea-time did he see her. Why hadn't he known and not up? He could have shown her the bazaars; and there wasn't a dragon man in Cairo more familiar with them than he. A wasted day, totally wasted, he hung about the lounging-room till

was lacking; for luncheon hour came and passed without her being definitely aware of it. This in itself was a puzzle. A faint, such as she had taken that morning, always keened the edge of her appetite; and yet, there was no craving whatever.

Where was her mother? If she would only come now, the cumulative doubts of all these months should be put into speech. They had treated her as one would treat a child; it was neither just nor reasonable. If not as a child, but as one they dared not trust, then they were afraid of her. But why? She pressed her hands together, impatiently. Fortune, clever as he was, had made a slip or two which he had sought to cover up with a jest. Why should he confess himself to be a rogue unless his tongue had got the better of his discretion? If he was a rogue, why should her mother and her uncle make use of him, if not for roguery's sake? They were fools, fools if they had but seen and understood her as she was, she would have gone to the bitter end with them, loyally, with sealed lips. But no; they had

The pet from Car! Bagdad

by HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of HEARTS AND MASKS

The MAN ON THE BOX etc.

Illustrations by M.G. KETTNER

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chosen not to see; and in this had morally betrayed her. Ah, it rankled, and the injustice of it grew from pain to fury. At that moment, had she known anything, she certainly would have denounced them. Of what use was loyalty, since none of them sought it in her?

The Major was wiser than he knew when he spoke of the hundredth danger, the danger unforeseen, the danger against which they could make no preparation. And he would have been first to sense the irony of it could he have seen where this danger lay.

Why should they wish the pleasant young man out of the way? Why should Fortune wish to inveigle him into the hands of this man Mahomed? Was it merely self-preservation, something deeper, more sinister? Think! Why couldn't she think of something? It was only a little pleasure trip to Cairo, they had told her, and when she had asked to go along, they seemed willing enough. But they had come to this hotel, when formerly they had always put up at Shepherd's. A—here again the question why? Was it because Mr. Jones was staying here? She liked him, what little she had seen of him. He was out of an altogether different world than that to which she was accustomed. He was neither insanely mad over cards nor a social idler. He was a young man with a real interest in life, a worker, notwithstanding that he was reputed to be independently rich. And her mother had once borrowed money of him, never intending to pay it back. The shame of it! And why should she approach him the very first day and recall the incident, if not with the ulterior purpose of using him further? As a ball strikes a wall only to rebound to the thrower, so it was with all these questions. There was never any answer.

Tired out, mentally and physically, she laid her head upon the cool top of the stand. And in this position her mother, who had returned to dress for tea, found her. Believing Fortune to be asleep, Mrs. Chedoye dropped a hand upon her shoulder.

Fortune raised her head. "Why, child, what is the matter?" the mother asked. The face she saw was not tear-stained; it was as cold and passionless as that by which sculptors represent their interpretations of Justice.

"Matter?" Fortune spoke, in a tone that did not reassure the other. "In the first place I have only one real question to ask. It depends upon how you answer it. Am I really your daughter?"

"Really my daughter?" Mrs. Chedoye stepped back, genuinely astonished. "Really my daughter? The child is mad!" as if addressing an imaginary third person. "What makes you ask such a silly question?" She was in a hurry to change her dress, but the new attitude of this child of hers warranted some patience.

"That is no answer," said Fortune, with the unmovable deliberation of a prosecuting attorney.

"Certainly you are my daughter." "Good. If you had denied it, I should have held my peace; but since you admit that I am of your flesh and blood, I am going to force you to recognize that in such a capacity I have some rights. I did not ask to come into this world; but inasmuch as I am here, I propose to become an individual, not a thing to be given bread and butter upon sufferance. I have been talking with Horace. I met him in the bazaars this morning. He said some things which you must answer."

"Horace? And what has he said, pray tell?" Her expression was flippant, but a certain inquietude penetrated her heart and accelerated its beating. What had the love-lorn fool said to the child?

"He said that he was not a good man, and that you tolerated him because he ran errands for you. What kind of errands?"

Mrs. Chedoye did not know whether to laugh or take the child by the shoulders and shake her soundly. "He was laughing when he said that. Errands? One would scarcely call it that."

"Why did you renew the acquaintance with Mr. Jones, when you knew that you never intended paying back that loan?"

Here was a question, Mrs. Chedoye realized, from the look of the child, that would not bear evasion.

"What makes you think I never intended to repay him?" Fortune laughed. It did not sound grateful in the mother's ears.

"Mother, this is a crisis; it can not be met by counter-questions nor by flippancy. You know that you did not intend to pay him. What I demand to know is, why you spoke to him again, so effably, why you seemed so eager to enter into his good graces once more. Answer that!"

Her mother pondered. For once she was really at a loss. The unexpectedness of this phase caught her off her balance. She saw one thing vividly, regretfully; she had missed a valuable point in the game by not adjusting her play to the growth of the child, who had, with the phenomenal suddenness which still baffles the psychologists, stepped out of girlhood into womanhood, all in a day. What a fool she had been not to have left the child at Mentone!

"I am waiting," said Fortune. "There are more questions; but I want this one answered first."

"This is pure insolence!" "Insolence of a kind, yes."

"And I refuse to answer. I have some authority still."

"Not so much, mother, as you had yesterday. You refuse to explain?" "Absolutely!"

"Then I shall judge you without mercy." Fortune rose, her eyes blazing passionately. She caught her mother by the wrist, and she was the stronger of the two. "Can't you understand? I am no longer a child, I am a woman. I do not ask, I demand!"

She drew the older woman toward her. "You palter, you always palter; palter and evade. You do not know what frankness and truth are. Is the continual evasion calculated to still my distrust? Yes, I distrust you, my mother. You have made the mistake of leaving me alone too much. I have always distrusted you, but I never knew why."

Mrs. Chedoye tugged, but ineffectually. "Let go!"

"Not till I have done. Out of the patchwork, squares have been formed. What of the men who used to come to the villa and play cards with Uncle George, the men who went away and never came back? What of your long disappearances of which I knew nothing except that one day you vanished and upon another you came back? Did you think that I was a fool, that I had no time to wonder over these things? You have never tried to make a friend of me; you have always done your best to antagonize me. Did you hate my father so much that, when his death put him out of range, you had to concentrate it upon me? My father!" Fortune roughly flung aside the arm. "Who knows about him, who he was, what he was, what he looked like? As a child, I used to ask you, but never would you speak. All I know about him nurse told me. This much has always burned my mind: you married him for wealth; that he did not have. What do you mean by this simple young man across the corridor?"

Mrs. Chedoye was pale, and the artistic touch of rouge upon her cheeks did not disguise the pallor. The true evidence lay in the whiteness of her nose. Never in her varied life had she felt more helpless, more impotent. To be wild with rage, and yet to be

powerless! That alertness of mind, that mental buoyancy, which had always given her the power to return a volley in kind, had deserted her.

"Certainly You Are My Daughter."

Another drink was taken with a like result, and after about the fourth had been disposed of, he slapped the Texan on the back and said:

"When you see Bob, you tell him if he or any of his friends need any money, just draw on me for it, and they will get it."

For Unbelievers.

"Why did you cover that board with paint and lean it against your gate post?" "That," replied Mr. Growcher, "is a sample for the benefit of the people who won't believe paint is fresh until they have rubbed their fingers across it."—Washington Star.

Improved Letter Boxes.

Letter boxes have been invented for office buildings and apartments which deliver mail dropped into them on the ground floor to their owners' rooms, even the weight of a card starting the elevating machinery.

Prosperity Came in Jumps

Good Story From Which Private John Allen Drew a Rule to Guide His Conduct.

Private John Allen, during his long service as representative of Mississippi in congress, was importuned on one occasion to make an after-dinner speech at a banquet at which he was to be a guest.

"No!" said the "privy." "I will make a before-dinner speech but none after dinner."

When reminded that a before-dinner speech was quite out of the ordinary, and was asked for his reason for desiring to make his speech before dinner, he told the following story:

"There was a ne'er-do-well that lived near Tupelo, my home town,



Moreover, she was distinctly alarmed. This little fool, with a turn of her hand, might send tottering into ruins the skillful planning of months.

"Are you in love with him?" aiming to gain time to regather her scattered thoughts.

"Love?" bitterly. "I am in a fine mood to love any one. My question, my question," vehemently; "my question!"

"I refuse absolutely to answer you!" Anger was first to reorganize its forces; and Mrs. Chedoye felt the heat of it run through her veins. But, oddly enough, it was anger directed less toward the child than toward her own palpable folly and oversight.

"Then I shall leave you. I will go out into the world and earn my own bread and butter. Ah," a little brokenly, "if you had but given me a little kindness, you do not know how loyal I should have been to you! But no; I am and always have been the child that wasn't wanted."

The despair in the gesture that followed these words stirred the mother's calloused heart, moved it strangely, mysteriously. "My child!" she said impulsively, holding out her hands.

"No," Fortune drew back. "It is too late."

"Have it so. But you speak of going out into the world to earn your own bread and butter. What do you know about the world? What could you do? You have never done anything but read romantic novels and moon about in the flower-garden. Foolish child! Harm Mr. Jones? Why? For what purpose? I have no more interest in him than if he were one of those mummies over in the museum. And I certainly meant to repay him. I should have done so if you hadn't taken the task upon your own broad shoulders. I am in a hurry. I am going out to Mena House to tea. I've let Celeste off for the day, so please unhook my waist and do not bother your head about Mr. Jones."

She turned her back upon her daughter. For what purpose? She had for the time suppressed the incipient rebellion. She heard Fortune crossing the room. "What are you doing?" petulantly.

"I am ringing for the hall-maid." And Fortune resumed her chair, picked up her Baedeker, and became apparently absorbed over the map of Assuan.

Again wrath mounted to her mother's head. She could combat anger, tears, protestations; but this indifference, studied and unfeeling, left her weaponless; and she was too wise to

unbuckle her tongue, much as she longed to do so. She was beaten. Not an agreeable sensation to one who counted only her victories.

"Fortune, later you will be sorry for this spirit," she said, when she felt the tremor of wrath no longer in her throat.

Fortune turned a page, and jotted down some notes with a pencil. And as she was at heart, tragic as she knew the result of this outbreak to be, she could hardly repress a smile at the thought of her mother's discomfiture.

And so the chasm widened, and went on widening till the end of time.

Mrs. Chedoye was glad that the hall-maid knocked and came in just then. It at least saved her the ignominy of a retreat. She dressed, however, with the same deliberate care that she had always used. Nothing ever deranged her sense of proportion relative to her toilet, nothing ever made her forget its importance.

"Good-by dear," she said. "I shall be in at dinner." If the maid had any suspicion that there had been a quarrel, she should at least be impressed with the fact that Mrs. Chedoye, was not to blame for it.

Fortune nibbled the end of her pencil.

The door closed behind her mother and the maid. She waited for a time. Then she sprang to the window and stood there. She saw her mother driven off. She was dressed in pearly-grey, with a Reynolds hat of grey velvet and sweeping plumes; as handsome and distinguished a woman as could be found that day in all Cairo. The watchman threw her Baedeker, her note-book, and her pencil violently into a corner. It had come to her at last, this thing that she had been striving for since noon. She did not care what the risks were; the storm was too high in her heart to listen to the voice of caution. She would do it; for she judged it the one thing, in justice to her own blood, she must accomplish. She straightway dressed for the street; and if she did not give the same care as her mother to the vital function, she produced an effect that merited comparison.

She loitered before the porter's bureau till she saw him busily engaged in answering questions of some women tourists. Then, with a slight but friendly nod, she stepped into the bureau and stopped before the key-rack. She hung up her key, but took it down again, as if she had changed her mind. At least, this was the porter's impression as he bowed to her in the midst of the verbal bombardment. Fortune went up-stairs. Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, when she returned, hung up the key, and walked briskly toward the side-entrance at the very moment George, in his fruitless search of her, pushed through the revolving doors in front. And all the time she was wondering how it was that her knees did not give under. It was terrible. She balanced between laughter and tears, hysterically.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dental Training.

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Dental Training.

Fifteen years from now K I have any teeth left for anybody to fool with I shall hire a certain Chinese boy to do the fooling." a New York salesman said. "He will be grown up then. I saw him the other day down in Chinatown. He was pulling pegs out of a board with his fingers. The pegs had been driven pretty tight into holes in the board, and it took a good deal of strength to get them out."

"That is a funny game for him to play," I said to a white man who knows the quarter.

"Game!" said he. "That is not a game. The boy is going to be a dentist. His folks have made up their minds about that, and he has commenced early to strengthen his fingers. They train them that way in China because there they pull teeth with the fingers. He will not pull with his fingers here, but the strength and skill will come in handy, just the same."

Yellow Fever Germ.

The theory that mosquitoes convey the disease known as "yellow fever" is many years old, but it was not until the year 1895 that it was proven to be true. During that year Major Ronald Ross, working in India along the lines of Sir Patrick Manson's theory, demonstrated that mosquitoes of the genus called anopheles clarify conveyed the disease. In 1897-98 experiments in Cuba and other parts of the world established a similar conclusion. It is in consequence of this discovery that the dread disease is now being so largely checked in the countries where it has hitherto been so destructive of human life.

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SUCCESS Depends largely upon one's physical condition. No man or woman can do their best work if troubled with a weak stomach or a torpid liver. Don't be careless. Don't procrastinate.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

promotes the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It makes men and women strong in body and active in mind.

Ask Your Druggist

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Discomfort After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Wm. Wood

JAEKY'S FAULT VERY SERIOUS

Father Rightly Felt He Could Never Be Captain of Industry Unless He Was Taught to Improve.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs took great pride in their young son, Jakey. Father was determined to make him a great business man, a veritable captain of industry. One day mother heard loud screams coming from an adjoining room and rushed in to investigate the cause of the trouble. Father was vigorously administering a dose of "strap oil" to the young hopeful.

"Ikey! Ikey! Vy for you are licking little Jakey!"

"Because I caught him in a lie; do's vy," replied father, continuing the chastisement.

"A lie? You say a lie?"

"Yes; I will teach him to lie better dot eet I haff to break offery bone hees body."—Exchange.

WHICH ONE.



"It's too bad that we have to eat our first Thanksgiving dinner in a restaurant, but we have one thing to be thankful for. We have each other."

"Yes; you should be thankful."

Giving Away the Secret. Willing to have his neighbors think he was a fine musician, Brown installed a mechanical piano near a front window of his home, where he spent hours each day pedaling out melodies. "Your father is a great piano player, isn't he?" one of the neighbors remarked to Brown's boy William one afternoon. "Yes," replied William, "but it makes his feet awful sore."

Evening Matter Up. Mrs. March took a bite of the cake, and laid it down hastily.

"Norah," she said, "did you follow the recipe, or do you usually do and guess?"

"Sure, mum, I follow the recipe, only I put in six eggs instead of four, because two was bad, and I wanted to even 'em up."—Youth's Companion.

He only is rich who owns the day and no one owns the day who allows it to be invaded with worry, and fret, and anxiety.—Emerson.

Art may be long, but it's different with most artists.

Shivery Mornings

You can have a taste of the summer sunshine of the corn fields by serving a dish of

Post Toasties

These crisp flavory bits of toasted white corn make an appetizing dish at any time of year.

Try them in February

and taste the delicate true maize flavour.

A dish of Toasties served either with cream or milk, or fruit, is surprisingly good.

"The Memory Lingers"

Grocers everywhere sell Toasties

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.